

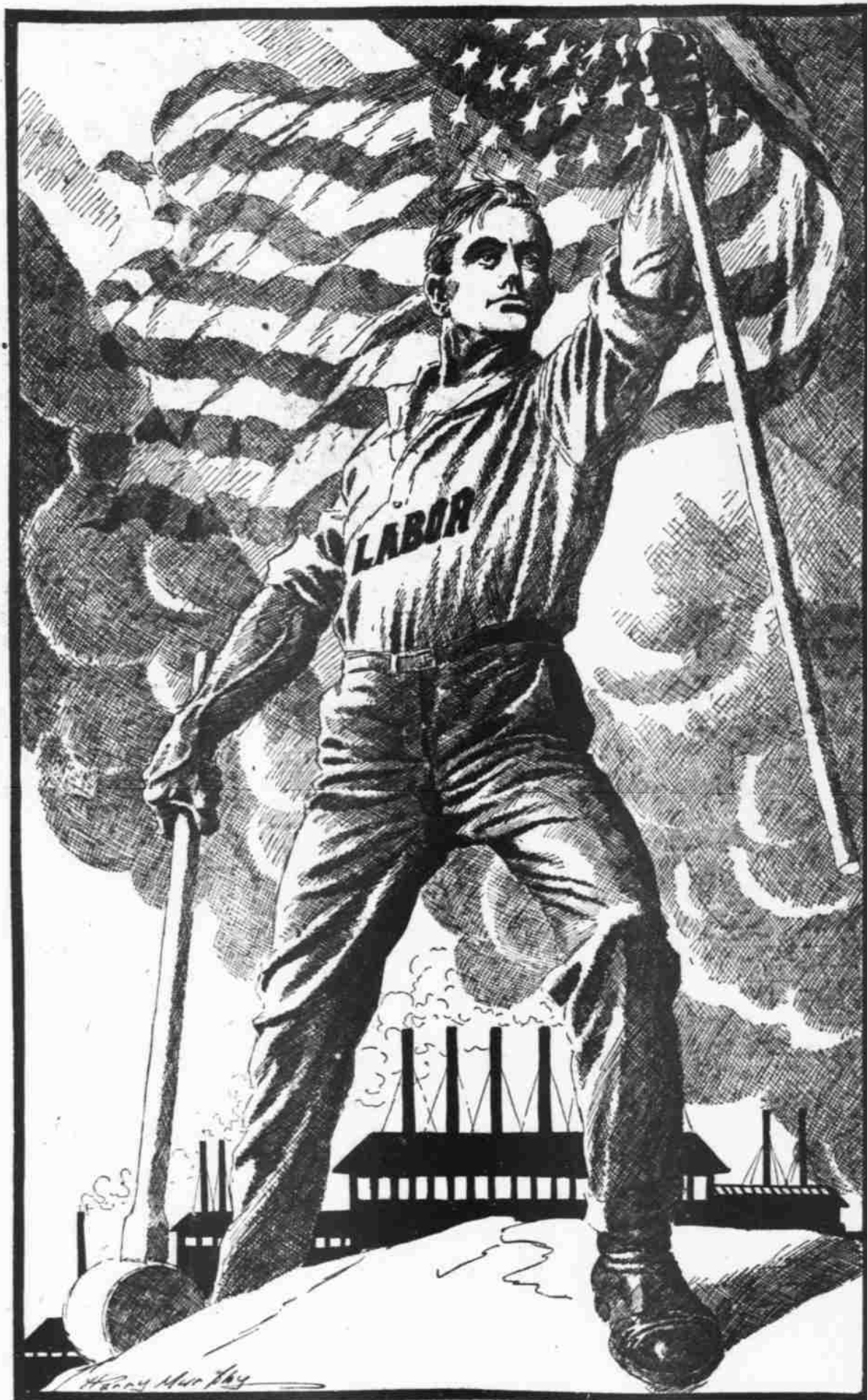
The Washington Times

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Here Is THE Man



He is the worker that must win this war—fighting in Europe, working here. He is no slacker no drunkard, and does not need to be controlled by any group of Anti-Saloon League fanatics. He is for his country, has the right to

rule himself, live in his own way—and the Congressman that votes to coerce by Constitutional amendment, VOTES AGAINST AMERICAN SUCCESS IN THIS WAR. This is a free man, not the puppet of old women, male or female.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow Writes on "The Second Chance"

Do you want a second chance in life?

What would you do with it if you had it?

Suppose a tricky, mischievous fairy named "Lob" should pick you out for his attentions; and it is quite possible that he might, for, of course, since "Peter Pan," we all believe in fairies?

Suppose he should suddenly transport you to his enchanted island, and there, by his magic, have things so arranged that you could begin life all over again, say, at the age of twenty-one?

"To draw long dreams of beauty, love and power
From founts of hope that never will outturn,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!"

And suppose you had that "second chance" under exactly identical conditions and circumstances to redeem that crowning folly, or wrong, or mistake to which you look back with such regret, and which you feel has materially distorted your destiny?

Wouldn't you regard that good fairy as a supreme benefactor, one who has granted you the greatest of all possible boons? Since the beginning of the world man has spent much of his time crying: "Oh, if I only had it to do over again!" "Oh, if I could only be given a second chance!"

Well, the Second Chance is the theme that Barrie has taken for his

latest play, "Dear Brutus," now running in London; and he has used the fairy "Lob" and the enchanted island as the method by which to accomplish it for his characters.

Opinions differ about the merits of the play. Some critics regard it as the greatest achievement of Barrie's peculiar genius, while others call it in reprehensible nonsense. To settle the question to our own satisfaction we shall have to wait for the production of "Dear Brutus" on this side of the water.

But the fact remains that Barrie has as usual hit upon a profound truth concerning human nature to embody with his fancy; for of all those whom "Lob" carries off to the magic island none alters in any way his original experience. They make exactly the same errors over again, commit exactly the same follies in the second chance that they did in the first. The mismatched couples choose once more the wrong matrimonial partners, and the thieves again show their bent for dishonesty.

The author's theory is that our mistakes and sins are due to some inherent quality in our individual characters and that so long as this remains unchanged our destinies will continue unaltered.

Of course, in the dramatic form the theme is presented with all Mr. Barrie's exquisite fancy and delicious humor; but taken simply as a bald statement, it is rather dreary and depressing.

It is rather a favorite subject

with the imaginative writer. I remember a magazine story which I read some years ago of two men who were shipwrecked on a desert island. One had been a financial success, the other, as he bitterly declared, his "industrial slave."

Arriving on the island, however, their positions are reversed.

The subordinate by a ruse obtains possession of all the weapons and supplies which they have saved from the wreck and during sleep ties up his former employer, refusing to release him unless the latter agrees to work for him under conditions of virtual slavery. The corporation chief, enters into the agreement and faithfully keeps it for a year. But by the end of that time, through the exercise of those characteristics and talents which had previously advanced him and through the lack of these same qualities in the other man, there was a second shift in their relative positions. The moral is that a special aptitude will always express itself under any conditions.

It is a sort of doctrine of "pre-destination" as applied to temporal affairs. We all have our different bents, and the only way we can achieve success is by following those bents and trusting to them. The man on the desert island who usurped the authority was not a born executive. His talents lay in a different direction.

We are not forced like cattle in the stock yards to follow certain set runways, but are free to roam

the range. If we go slant into a barbed wire fence or get ourselves bogged in the mire, that is largely due to our own heedless blundering. It is silly to blame it on destiny.

It is idle to attempt to sidestep or run away from anything. The thing you have fled from will be the first one to greet you on the new ground. You have about as much chance as Little Daffydowdilly in Hawthorne's fable had of escaping old Schoolmaster Toll, for it will be remembered that everywhere Daffydowdilly went he discovered Toll in one shape or another, and when at last he returned in desperation to the schoolhouse he found that the companion with whom he had been through-out his wanderings and whom he had supposed a fellow-truant was none other than Toll himself, and in his very grimmest guise.

If your lot seems bitter, then, and your destiny hard, just look over your own little garden patch and you'll probably discover what overshadowing weeds have prevented your flowers from blooming. If you can't discover them yourself, there are always plenty of kind friends close at hand who will take pleasure in pointing out their exact location and giving you the full botanical details.

Then there is only one thing to do. Weed the garden thoroughly. It isn't easy. Very few worthwhile things are easy. But it is certainly possible, and there you'll have the ground all prepared and ready for your "second chance."

Something About Waste Motion

In Milk or Street Railways It's All the Same.

By EARL GODWIN.

Two hundred members of the Wilson Normal Community Association have solved their milk problem by reducing distributing and handling costs. They live in the same neighborhood and one milk man will serve all of them. Furthermore, he will reduce his handling costs by serving milk in quart bottles only.

The Community Association theory is that too many milk men are competing in the same territory, and that the milk distributing systems cross and recross each other in needless and expensive fashion. If the entire District of Columbia could be organized properly, milk could be distributed in each neighborhood with neatness and dispatch and a lack of friction and at a minimum cost. All of which would probably mean a saving to the consumer.

If we had one street railroad system in Washington we would not have to pay 10 cents to get from one part of the city to another as we do frequently. Some day we will have no friction in the food distributing systems and no senseless duplication of street car companies. There is no system which does so well as a PROPERLY regulated monopoly. And no system is properly regulated until the people it serves have control.

If we had half a dozen companies distributing the United States mail all over the country, where would we be? The postoffice to my mind is a daily conspicuous example of the effectiveness and economy of Government ownership or Government control. Just as the Wilson Normal Community scheme for ridding its neighborhood of waste motion in the milk deliveries is a small example of the proper thing, the postoffice example is an enormous example of proper economy.

Mail was once delivered by private contract. Who would go back to it? And who believes a private corporation would undertake to take a letter from here to San Francisco for 2 cents in peace time and 3 cents in war time? I can imagine a whole flock of hundred thousand dollar a year lawyers spending their entire time in Washington telling the Government how it couldn't possibly be done for less than 20 cents.

HEARD AND SEEN

JUDGE JAMES PUGH ought to capitalize his face. He could make a million dollars with that smile and a moving picture camera.

Enter the telegraph messenger girl. YOUNG MR. DARR, the manager for the Postal Telegraph Company, in the Post building, tells me he expects to have two girls on duty today.

"I have noted with pleasure," says TUCKER K. SANDS, "the position you have taken both as to suffrage for the District and also the fight against the suggestion that wages of Government employees should be reduced."

THOMAS G. BRADY says: "It is not an uncommon thing to be told for one-half hour that the telephone is busy. I experienced this both yesterday and today at my own house, and was for more than thirty minutes getting connections. It is not an uncommon thing for us to spend fifteen to twenty minutes on any ordinary call."

MISS NEALE BIGGS, who runs the news stand in the Riggs Building, asks me to say that recently the Bible class of Esther Memorial Church at Congress Heights entertained in honor of CLARENCE E. WOLFE, who has led and taught the class for a long time. The reception was held at the home of Mrs. V. Beyer, 507 Alabama avenue, and in the class gave Mr. Wolfe a fine gold chain and gold cross.

ALFRED GEIGER says that motorists on the Mt. Pleasant line claim there are four unnecessary stops on that line above Dupont Circle. One of them is at Florida avenue and Connecticut avenue, inasmuch as there is also a stop about a hundred feet south at Connecticut avenue and S street.

MARSHALL W. PICKERING proposes to help in the high cost of affidavits by acting as notary public free of charge in all matters concerning the draft. Mr. Pickering is in charge of the minority room of the House Office building. Any swearing that has to be done in connection with the draft can be done in front of "Pick" free of all costs.

From the Public to the Editor

Music To Our Soul.

December 10, 1917.

My Dear Mr. Brisbane: I want to extend in the name of the committee and myself our cordial expression of appreciation to the Washington Times in helping along the great Song Day. If you were there you know how wonderful it was and that it was the start of a great new movement of patriotic songs with very kind regards, very sincerely yours,

MRS. GEORGE FRANCIS KEHR,

Director of Plans.

From a Sailor.

Navy Department, Bureau of Navigation, Captain Brisbane, Editor Washington Times.

Permit me to take an oar in the civic-betterment boat you are so manfully piloting.

The Washington Terminal, a corporation child, operates the Union Station and adjacent yards. The Terminal Company has installed bubbling fountains in the station where the tired traveler can get a cold, refreshing drink on a hot summer day.

The District of Columbia, considering I believe, by many learned gentlemen, a freak political child, operates the city of Washington and adjacent territory. The District has installed a number of fountains where the citizens, or rather residents, and visitors can get a drink of insipid, lukewarm water on a hot summer day.

Cold water at the city drinking fountains is as common as the thoroughly practical, would fully justify the cost, and I can think of no way in which you can more endear yourself to the people than by bringing about this aid to health, comfort, and happiness.

Kindly whisper a few words to the right party, Cap, in your usual quiet manner, and I believe you can turn the trick.

Then think of next summer: Temperature a hundred plus, no ice in the cooler, your once famous neighbors, Shomaker and Gerstenberg, gone but not forgotten; what a pleasure if you could call for your friend, Colonel Marks, and invite him to accompany you to the fountain across from your shop for a cold drink.

In time we might even induce the city fathers to install a cooling system near the source of the water supply so that every home, be rich and poor, could have cold drinking water during the hot summer months.

Think it over, anyhow, Cap: you are a man after my own heart and I wish you every success.

Sincerely, JOHN W. KEAN.

Concerning the Prohibition Constitutional Amendment.

(Continued from First Column.)

words, permitting only the brewing of a temperance drink that will contain more than THIRTY PARTS of pure water to ONE part of alcohol—a drink that a child could take without injury, but one that will keep workmen contented and prevent the feeling of dissatisfaction that enforced ice-water, modified by illicit whiskey, would inflict upon the country.

Will the House of Representatives decide to overrule the President, make a joke of the Constitution, which they have sworn to respect, disregard the wise preaching of Jefferson—and all to oblige the sincere but ignorant, misguided, and opinionated fanatics, that use political blackmail as their weapon?